



The goblins rush down, leaving a few to escort the princess.

The princess descends the steps slowly.

PR. *p*

I pray you let me rest,

pp

PR. I cannot revel, my heart is sad, my feet are faint and wea-ry.

48

Tempo I.

Più lento.

PRIN. *mf* I can-not tell;

WIZ. Tell me, daugh-ter, what has made you wea-ry?

p

agitato. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

PRIN. *mf* The stormwind broke my spirit, The hail was sharp— like ma-ny rods it

WIZ.

p

PRIN. lashed me.

WIZ. What are wind and hail to you, my daughter? Something yet more sharp has

PRIN. *p* **49** *cresc.* *f* I cannot Oh! I cannot, I cannot, to-

WIZ. *mf* touched your spirit. Tell me! *piu f* Tell me!

p cresc. p cresc. mf f

Tempo come sopra.

WIZ. *mf* Cou-rage, daugh-ter, cou-rage! *rit.* I will give you thoughts be-yond the

p *rit.*

WIZ. *p* reach of all men liv-ing, *(leaning to her)* *p* One dark

pp

WIZ. *Moderato.* thought that you a-lone could summon. *f animato* Now fer-

pp

WIZ. -get and join our gob-lin rev-el!

f

WIZ.

(One dancer comes to the Princess,
and draws her into the centre.)

Andante moderato e grazioso.



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(A second dancer joins.)

